with weeds, the once lovely trimmed vine was hanging for its wild luxuriance, untrimmed and unpruned and, and the vines, grown tall and evident of the demurrage house, the fallen vines.

Who, but a demurrage family can estimate the lightening, wakening, heart-felt suffering, and loss of the wolf who has deserted the modest white wolf. She has given him, blest all the four continents of the heart, above the power given him to protect those weaker and flatter than himself, and regaining affectionate endurance with patience and reproaches.

This unhappy family knew it well—the wife once favored and happy, was now the victim of unrelenting disease. Her increasing efforts to maintain her family in competency and comforted understanding, a constitation naturally delicate, and she knew that one day she should pass, her eyes would be sealed in that sleep which know no awakening. It was with a sad heart that she looked upon her child, poor dejected being they would be, when their only protector was gone. But O! when she had devoted to her day of happiness and prosperity, forget not in her dark hour of adversity, his aid and comfort to him who was the father of the little ones.

Days passed on. The kindness of friends provided these little delicacies, which were so acceptable, to the invalid, particularly won administered by the hand of kindness and sympathy; another woman spirit passed away in the arms of strangers. When her remainders were carried to their last resting-place, her who at the other end to love and cherish her, was lying in a state of other indolence. But a brighter day was dawning for her. Temperance was spreading her general influence over the length and breadth of the land; and good men were daily widening its borders, they told the poor degraded drunkard, that he was not a worthless man, silly to be cut away, but that he was capable of being useful, and respected by his fellow men. He listened and believed, abandoned the pledging, and improved his man.

This is no fiction; it is truth—the subject is never a living evidence of the power and influence of this great reformatory principle that freed him from his bondage, and saved him from a premature grave.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

For Freeman.

How trifling is the sum of human baseness how varied and diversified our condition. Some enjoy hon-

thee's highest gifts, best with health, surronded by
dear and chosen friends; others linger over a weary exist-
tierce, enervated by the voice of kindnss, etching the
hater draught of poverty-repealed, fed pain, or a prey

to that heart-ache readily which butcher plows back

I was forcibly impressed with this fact last summer.
I was visiting some friends in one of the lovely vil-
lages of New Jersey, they seemed to enjoy happiness,
in the comforts of a delightful home and the constant
sympathy of true heartfelt affection. Richness, poverty
and care alike stranger, and life was one long summer's
day.

But a short distance from this happy family was
a low tenement, giving evidence to its infernal and
darkness, and of something that degenerated and ngel-like
death possessed. The same texture just was overrun.